VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 1.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

PRICE 10 CTS. 1.00 A YEAR

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CONTENTS OF LITTLE FOLKS, NOVEMBER, 1897.

			Page.
Frontispiece. "Now, wish!" Drawn by Wm. A. McCullough.			2
A Child-World.		GELETT BURGESS.	3
A Funny Go. Four Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman.		ABBY MORTON DIAZ.	3
One Way to Help.		HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.	7
The Littlest One of the Browns. Two Illustrations by Wm. A. McCullough.	Chapter I.	SOPHIE SWETT.	8
Fierce Jacky Lantern. Illustration by L. J. Bridgman.		ELIZABETH HILL.	12
Shem, the Stupid. Two Illustrations, after photographs.		ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.	13
A Wishbone. Illustration; Frontispiece.		BETH PORTLAND.	15
Oh, Arabella, Araminta, What a Wonderful Glad Surprise. Illustration by Ethel Reed (by courtesy of Messrs. Copeland & Day).		GERTRUDE SMITH.	16
The New Magazine. Drawn by L. J. Bridgman.	Picture.		19
What Did the Black Cat Do?—Guess! Illustrations by the Author.		MARGARET JOHNSON.	20
Brave Baby Betty. Illustration by H. P. Barnes.		SOPHIE MAY.	22
Two Little Lectures. Two Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman.		ELIZABETH HILL.	24
The Alphabet Beautiful. Three Illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.	The Letter A.	C. E. S. F. P.	26
My Big Wild Turkey. Illustration by Wm. A. McCullough.		W. THOMSON.	28
The First Flake.		X. P.	30
A Stick-and-Pea Play. Four Illustrations, after sketches by the Author.	For Thanksgiving Day.	C. S. P.	31
The Best Wish.		C. S. P.	32

DEPARTMENTS.

Books That Amuse Children.	Mother's Department, Part I.	C. M. HEWINS.	IV
Monthly Mention of New Books.			VI
The Little Folks' Letter-Bag.			VII
Little Folks' Winter Clothes. Illustration by the Author.	Mothers' Department, Part II.	ETHELDRED B. BARRY.	IX
The Little Breakfast Class.		JACKEY DIMOCK (shef).	XI
Play-Time. A Doll's Thanksgiving Dinner, by ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.			XII
Publisher's Department.			XII

LITTLE FOLKS

EDITED BY

CHARLES STUART PRATT AND
ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

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The Entertaining of Little People. *A consideration of new games, of new toys, of walks and excursions, of children's songs, of kindergarten play at home, of little lunches, lawn parties, dances, flower parades, etc.*

In the First Number.

Sophie May, the most distinguished of the older writers for very little children, contributes the story of "Brave Baby Betty"; while the author of the latest thing in children's literature, Gertrude Smith, contributes a new "Arabella and Araminta" story—which is also the last "Arabella and Araminta" story the author will write. The round of short stories will also include "A Funny Go" (to a Thanksgiving Dinner), by Abby Morton Diaz; "Shem the Stupid," a droll dog story, by Annie Isabel Willis; and a very big true hunting adventure of a ten-year-old boy, by W. Thomson. The serial features and departments will open. Gelett Burgess, inventor of the "Purple Cow," will reveal an unexpected side in a charming poem, "A Child-World"; and there will be a ringing patriotic ballad for recitation on Forefathers' Day, "The Little Pilgrims," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

Sample copy on application. **LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS.**

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(Mothers' Department. Part I.)

BOOKS THAT AMUSE CHILDREN.

IT is safe in choosing books for very little children, to look for illustrations drawn with as few lines as possible, and in flat color, if any. There are half a dozen such books, old and new, which should be in nursery libraries as a means of amusement on rainy days or as a solace for a bumped head or bruised finger.

Before your babies own any books, dear mothers, teach them that a book is a thing to be handled as carefully as your china, and not to be torn, thrown about, or left open face downward. Let them learn as the pupils do in a school that I know: "A book is a friend and must be treated like one." Insist on clean hands before a book is handled. Make it a privilege, to be allowed to look at the best illustrations that you have in the house. Then you need have no fears about buying well-bound or costly books for your children.

Little boys and girls like to laugh over droll illustrations as well as you do. Nobody understood how to draw just as a child draws as well as Edward Lear. Get his *Nonsense Books* (Roberts Brothers, $2.00) as a part of your nursery furniture, and let the children become acquainted with the Owl and the Pussy-Cat, Mr. Daddy Long-Legs and Mr. Floppy Fly, the Jumblies, the four little people named Violet, Slingsby, Guy and Lionel, the Quangle Wangle, the Pobble and the Pelicans.

The very youngest children enjoy the pictures in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass* (Macmillan, $1.25), and often know their Jabberwock and Mock Turtle before they can read.

Walter Crane's drawing is a delight to little people, and his *This Little Pig Went to Market, Fairy Ship* and *King Luckieboy's Party* (Stone and Kimball, $1.00) may fairly be added to your Nonsense Library. Newell's *Topsy Turvys* (Century Co., $1.00) should have a place there, too, and his *Shadow Show* (Century Co., $1.00) will set very young children to making shadows for themselves in the few precious minutes between dark and bedtime. Ruth McEnery

THE ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA STORIES

By Gertrude Smith with an introduction by Mary E. Wilkins. Embellished with XV illustrative designs by Edith Reed. New edition, paper covers, $1.00.

A very artistic and delightful child's book. The little people who are fortunate enough to possess a copy of this satisfactory book are to be congratulated. —*Mother's Journal.*

You grow distinctly fond of the pretty baby prattle. And as you go on you find out how really clever it all is, for Gertrude Smith has made a thorough study of the ways, the manner, the chirpings of two happy little girls. It is to get at the utmost simplicity that the author has striven and her success is wonderful.—*New York Times.*

The pictures of the dancing dolls, the animal cracker ride and the soap bubble party must delight old and young alike.—*Public Opinion.*

It is safe to say that "The Arabella and Araminta Stories" will have a great success.—*New York Journal.*

Scientifically constructed upon the knowledge of a principle in the infant mind, whose like one might be very well glad to discover in the grown up mind, so that fiction could be as unerringly adapted to that. — *Harpers Weekly.*

In Childhood's Country.

No. II., Yellow Hair Library with cover designs and ten full-page illustrations, by Ethel Reed. —*Large square octavo*, $2.00.

In Childhood's Country is one of the quaintest of the many charming books for children. The verses are written by Louise Chandler Moulton, and are all one would expect from the pen of this gifted writer, which is saying a great deal.—*The Watchman.*

It is a book that every golden-haired and every black-haired, and every other girlie should straightway have in her nursery library.—*Woman's World.*

This is a positive little garland of posies.—*New York Tribune.*

A Boy's Book of Rhyme.

By Clinton Scollard, with cover design by Emma Kaan.—*Octavo*, $1.00.

Deserves emphatically to be presented to every boy.—*Woman's World.*

Out of a great number of "poetry books for children," it would be hard to name more than a half dozen that contain any poetry. "A Boy's Book of Rhyme" belongs with the half dozen good ones, and happy that child—young or old—into whose possession these charming rhymes shall come.—*Book Buyer.*

This volume of verses will be dear to the heart of every boy who reads it, and of every man who has any boy spirit left in him.—*Young People at Work.*

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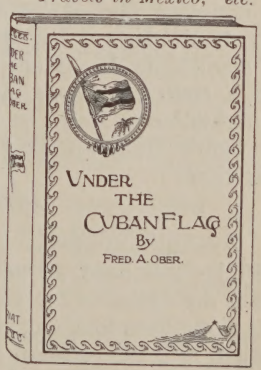

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Sent postpaid at above prices by the publishers.

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Young children like no book better than Florence and Bertha Upton's *Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a "Golliwogg."* The last gentleman is a composite of a negro doll and a Jack-in-the-box. The Dutch dolls and horses are just such as one still finds for a penny or two in the little shops in English country towns, though they are things of the past here.

J. G. Francis's Book of *Cheerful Cats* (Century Co., $1.00) and Carryl's *Admiral's Caravan* (Century Co., $1.50) also belong to the amusing shelf. The latter, although it seems at first one of the many echoes of *Alice in Wonderland*, has a great deal of freshness and originality.

Animal Land, by Katherine and Sybil Corbett (Dutton, $1.00) is a laughable little book—a mother's drawings from her little four-year-old girl's descriptions of imaginary animals. Andrew Lang says in his introduction that the author appears to possess "a mature genius for pure nonsense." May she never lose it.

Mothers, don't be afraid of giving your children the best books of nonsense. A love for nonsense has carried many a grown-up over hard places. Remember that a liking for wholesome fun is one of the best gifts that a child can have, and if you can help your children to laugh, be cheerful, and take life lightly, they will bless you to the end of their days.

Caroline M. Hewins.

MONTHLY MENTION OF NEW BOOKS.

Under this head, all new books received, which are desirable for children, or for parents along lines touching child-life, will be recorded, with title, author, publisher and price —and such comment as the books occasion.

The books may be sent direct to the editorial address, Warner, N. H.

"A Boy's Book of Rhyme," by Clinton Scollard, is one of the best books of children's poetry since "A Child's Garden of Verse," by Robert Louis Stevenson, which it pleasantly recalls. It is poetry children really will read. Here is a sample:

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Little Mr. By-and-By,
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And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play,
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go,
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By!

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REFERENCE LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Boys' Book of Rhyme," by Clinton Scollard. Copeland & Day, $1.00.

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S. E. CASSINO,

221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

SALEM, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am an artist's boy and haven't decided yet whether to be an artist myself or not. I like to draw, but I can't paint well.

Sometimes my father has me pose for him, and it is often hard work, I can tell you. Once I had to pose lying down on my back as if I had just tumbled over, with my legs and arms up in the air. When I was small once I was dressed up in girl's clothes, and I wouldn't go even across the street until my father coaxed me to, although there was nobody within half a mile. That was in the country, and I often posed there with a 14th century costume on, and a bow and arrow. The costume was composed of a cloth hat with a feather in it, a funny necklace, a doublet with swansdown trimmings, a belt and blue tights. Once I posed in the attitude of throwing a snowball.

But sometimes it is easier, such as sitting in a chair or lying down. Any way it gets your legs and arms pretty tired, as it almost always lasts ten minutes or more, and you have to keep still and not stir. It is great fun almost always, and sometimes I see my picture in magazines or books, but not the same face, of course. *Blanchard Bridgman.*

When Blanchard "poses" for pictures in LITTLE FOLKS we hope he will name the picture, that we may look and find him.

Dear Little Folks:—When my papa came home last night, he asked me if I wouldn't like to write a letter to "Little Folks," as he was going to get the new magazine for me. I said "Yes," and here it is.

I am glad he is going to get such a paper for my own, and I know I shall get a great deal of pleasure out of the Letter Bag. I like to get truly letters in writing. Sometimes my Aunt Evie and Grandma Dickie, who live on a sheep ranch away off in Montana, write me a truly letter. If you print this one I shall ask papa to send the new magazine to them, and won't they be surprised to see my letter! and won't my little cousins, too! I know Grandma will jump right out of her chair, she'll be so tickled. I've got an uncle who is a judge, but I'm not afraid of him, just the same. I expect some folks are, though. Papa helped me some on this letter, but I don't suppose you will mind that. I did all the writing, anyway.

I hope I will see other letters besides mine.

Ever your friend,

Richard Saville.

Doesn't little Richard know some pretty lamb stories to tell us, about the sheep on his Aunt Evie's ranch?

PEABODY, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I'm going to tell you about the candy store which my brother and I had this summer. We kept it in the tool-house that my big brother built. Mr. Pepper has a candy factory near here, so we bought our candy of him. He gave us a hundred pieces for fifty cents and we sold it for a cent apiece. I made some more candy myself. The kinds we boys made were chocolate creams, cream walnuts, molasses and vinegar candy. Most all our friends bought candy of us, but some of them wanted to have it charged and at last they charged so much of it that we didn't have any money left to buy more candy. Then Leslie, my brother, wanted to buy a boat like my cousin's, so he sold out to me. But before long I had to give up the store myself, because so many people had candy charged.

The reason we started the store was because papa said he would give us half the money for a bicycle if we would earn the other half. (We got the bicycle all the same.)

Perhaps some other boys would like some of the candy rules by which we made ours. This is the rule for peppermint candy: 1 pint of granulated sugar, 1 table-spoonful of water; boil 4 minutes, take off the stove and stir in 2 table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half tablespoonful of cream of tartar, 7 drops of oil of peppermint. Drop in shape of small cakes on waxed paper.

The rule for chocolate creams is this way: 2 cups of powdered sugar, 1-4 cup of milk, which you boil together for seven minutes and pour into an earthen dish; then flavor with vanilla and stir till it grows thick and cool enough to handle. Shape into balls and lay on a flat dish. Then cut up nearly a whole cake of chocolate (not the sweet kind) in a bowl and set it in hot water. When it melts add a few drops of vanilla. Drop in the creams, one at a time, and take them out with two forks and place on white paper.

Harold Cassino.

This would be good fun for a lot of cousins at grandpa's on Thanksgiving evening, if grandma will give them the kitchen.

MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—Doesn't it seem just fine to have a magazine in which we can get acquainted with each other and tell the editors just what we think?

I have lived in Massachusetts all my life, and I wish sometimes that I could change places, for a little while, with some little girl in California, or somewhere way off—but I should want to keep my own papa and mamma, though. My little brother went to Montana when he was only two years old. Just think of it, riding about five thousand miles in the cars by the time he got back home again! Wouldn't *I* like that though! My papa says the editors are delightful big folks who are supposed to know almost everything, and especially what we little folks like to have. And he says we can tell the editors what we like in our magazine so *very* much; and that perhaps they won't mind if we kind of whisper, sometimes, what we *don't* like so very much. I've written it down just as he said it. And papa says, too, that sometimes big folks—I think he called 'em "critics"—make lots of money telling people what to like and what not to like. I don't know about his "critics," but I just wish I could get some money for telling what *I* like and what I *don't* like. I guess some folks would think Santa Claus had got ahead of time. Papa says if I'll stop long enough to take breath, and seal the envelope, perhaps this may be printed in the Letter Bag. What do you suppose he means?

Your little friend, Millita Saville.

"NOW, WISH!" (*See poem, page* 15.)

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. I.

A CHILD-WORLD.

IF everyone, in all the world,
  Were only five years old,
We wouldn't have to go to school,
  Nor do what we were told!
For my mamma, and my papa,
  And, yes, my teacher, too,
We'd *all* be little children then—
  I wonder what we'd do!

But who would mend my stocking holes?
  And who would tie my shoe?
And who would set me on her lap,
  And tell me stories, too?
And who would take me on his knee,
  When I was tired of play?
I'm glad we're not *all* children,
  I like it best this way!

Gelett Burgess.

A FUNNY GO.

IT was long, long ago! Pa's Grandpa and Grandma lived up at Indian Brook, and for all they were over seventy they settled to have Thanksgiving themselves, that year, and Grandma was to do every speck of the work, with Grandpa helping.

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They invited Daddy Morse, he being poor and having no family but an old bony horse; and Daughter Mary and her two grown-up girls, Miranda and Mary Ann, and their Pa; and Miss Polly Jarvis, a lone woman, and quite tall and slim; and Uncle John and Aunt John, and their son John's widow, and their little grandson, Johnny—about six, he was—and their hired girl.

It was a lonesome country all around there. Old Daddy Morse lived about a mile away; Daughter Mary much further; Miss Polly Jarvis came next; and the furthest off was Uncle John and Aunt John, about seven miles from Grandpa's. Miss

LITTLE JOHNNY STARTS.

Polly Jarvis liked a little fun, and she said, "Let's go in a procession, and make the old folks laugh," and they did.

Uncle John was to start in good season, in a sleigh; Miss Polly Jarvis was to borrow a horse and go behind him, horseback, woman-fashion; Daughter Mary's family were to come next behind Miss Polly Jarvis in a big horse-sled, and Daddy Morse next, on his old horse, man-fashion. Dinner time was two o'clock.

Uncle John was late in starting because one of his sheep got hurt. As the grown-up folks filled the sleigh, Johnny had his low-chair fastened firm on to his sled, and stakes to hold on by, and

the sled-rope put around the back of the sleigh—just as he went to school, sometimes. Miss Polly Jarvis had said, "Plenty of bells," and Uncle John had them. It was a cold day and Johnny had his fur ear-pieces tied down snug, and a good warm overcoat, and a comforter tied round his neck, and thick mittens.

OH! OH! ALAS!

And now comes the curious part of the story.

They had gone more than half way when, just after they had passed over a "jounce," the rope quietly parted where it had been spliced, the two ends dropped on the ground, and the sleigh kept right on, leaving poor Johnny sitting there in the woods—and he was so scared he did not think to "holler" till the sleigh was so far ahead that the jingle kept him from being heard.

And there Johnny sat, crying.

After a while a sleigh with a man in it came there by a road that led right across Johnny's road. When the man heard Johnny's strange little story, he said, "They'll be sure to turn back, but I'm in a great hurry, and I will take you my way, into a house. And in order that they may find you I will pin a large piece of paper to this tree, and make a great Hand on the paper, pointing the way. I can stick the paper on this stiff twig of a tree. Then they'll know."

The man then tore a big piece of paper off his bundle, and wrote on it, "*The Boy will be found at Mr. Benjamin Morey's, Red House, green front door*," and drew a Hand on it with a big finger pointing the way, and stuck the paper on a stiff twig.

He then took Johnny, sled and all, into his sleigh and carried him by the cross-road, up hills and down hills, to Mr. Benjamin Morey's.

When Uncle John had driven on almost to Miss Polly Jarvis's, he happened to look around—and—*no Johnny!* They turned right about and drove fast, without speaking, till they came to the place where they last saw Johnny. Then they turned again and drove back slowly towards Grandpa's, looking into the woods, till they came to the cross-road. This time the hired girl spied the paper and jumped out and read to them the words.

Now the wind had turned the paper round so that the Hand pointed just the wrong way—and they took that way, and rode on, and on, till by asking questions they found their mistake, and thus it was some time before they found their Johnny.

Well, Daddy Morse, he was waiting all this time with his old horse hitched at a post; and Daughter Mary and Miranda and Mary Ann and their Pa were waiting with their things on, the horse-sled at the door; and Miss Polly Jarvis, she was waiting with her things on, and her horse hitched close by; all these all this time were looking out, and wondering why Uncle John's folks didn't come along.

Meantime the table at Grandpa's was ready set, and all the things were placed on the great brick hearth to keep warm. Hour after hour passed. "Where *do* you suppose is Miss Polly Jarvis?" "Surely Mary's folks would come!" "Daddy Morse must be sick!" "And where *are* John and his family?"

THE WAY TO JOHNNY.

As time passed on, Grandma said, at last, "I do believe we've mistook the day. Are you sure 'tis Thursday?"

"Nothing sure in this world," said Grandpa, going to the window. "'Tis most sunset! There comes Hannah Tilson across the fields!"

"What *will* she think?" cried Grandma. "Hurry!" and they two hurried almost everything out of sight.

"There's a procession a-coming!" said Hannah Tilson, stepping in at the door.

And sure enough, there they were! Uncle John's sleigh,

with Johnny behind; Daddy Morse on his old bony horse; Daughter Mary with Miranda and Mary Ann, and their Pa; and Miss Polly Jarvis, riding sideways, horseback.

THE THANKSGIVING PROCESSION.

All told at once of their standings at the window, their lookings, their wonderings, their waitings and their belatings. And, after all this, of a Thanksgiving dinner there was only the smell! But Hannah Tilson and Aunt John's hired girl stepped round lively and things were soon put in right shape.

They were a hungry crowd, everything tasted good, all hands helped wash up the dishes, and little Johnny kept them laughing by telling all that was done to please him, and of the goodies given him to eat, and how they toasted his feet, and wiped his eyes, at Mr. Benjamin Morey's.

Abby Morton Diaz.

ONE WAY TO HELP.

A BIRD sang this morning, in yonder bare tree;
He sang not for you, he sang not for me,
He sang just because he was happy and free,
But he made us all glad with his gay melody!

'Tis so, little children, with me, and with you;
If we are but cheerful, courageous and true,
We help other folks, without knowing we do,
Like the bird that spread gladness, and yet never knew.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

BEE WAS UNDER THE OAK-TREE.

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

CHAPTER I.—BEE AND COUSIN ALBERT'S WIFE.

BEE was making an acorn tea-set, under the oak-tree by the gate, when she saw old Mrs. Janeway coming along the lane.

Now old Mrs. Janeway always asked a little girl her name, and being deaf made her repeat it.

When Bee was asked her name she always answered, "I'm the littlest one of the Browns."

Then, if Bob were there, she would blush and look at him to see if he were going to tell why she didn't say "Beatrice Brown."

Before the new minister and his wife came to tea she had to give Bob her whistling top to make him promise not to tell. (I think, myself, that it was very mean of Bob to take it, but he always has said that he meant to give it back to Bee as soon as he found out what made it whistle; but when he had found out why, it wasn't a top any longer!)

If one lisps, " Beatrice Brown " is not an easy name to say.

Old Mrs. Janeway was coming in. She would have hoarhound drops in her bag, but hoarhound drops are bitter as well as sweet. And Bob was there, and would be sure to say " Beatwis " right after one.

Bee ran around to the other side of the tree, where the visitor could not see her, and called softly to Ann, the cook, who was coming from the orchard with a pan of apples.

" I'm going over to Aunt Sallie's, Ann," she said.

Ann only nodded, absently; Bee was allowed to go over to Aunt Sallie's at any time.

She scampered across the road and across the field. She remembered, now, that she had begun to read a delightful storybook at Aunt Sallie's, two or three days before.

When she reached the house she opened the front door, which was never locked, and went through the hall to the library, which was also Uncle Joshua's study.

UNCLE JOSHUA TOOK THE BOX OUT.

She opened the door softly. Uncle Joshua was almost always at his desk, and one must not disturb him. He had a gruff voice and fierce-looking whiskers, and seldom smiled at one; but he never wanted to know one's name and he always kept a box full of sticks of candy in the lowest drawer of his desk.

Whether he liked the candy himself, I cannot say, but there it always was and he was almost sure to offer a stick to Bee.

He took the box out, this morning, as soon as Bee opened the

door. He seemed to be very busy and he only made a gruff little noise in his throat and didn't look at her.

When he didn't look at her Bee had presence of mind enough to select a twisted stick, with a pink stripe, and that would be peppermint. If she were looked at, from under Uncle Joshua's shaggy gray eyebrows, she grew confused and might take one that was all pink, and that would be clove, and not so nice.

It never happened to Bob to get a clove stick. He said that only a girl, and a silly one at that, was ever bashful.

Bee perched herself on the broad shelf of the old secretary, in the corner, with the peppermint candy and "Pippy's Warning," a beautiful story about a dog. She could have borrowed all the story-books in the old secretary and carried them home, if she had wished to, but there were so many of the Browns and they were such lively boys and girls that it was not easy to find a quiet corner in the house in which to read.

Bee had reached the place in the story where the old-clothes-man muzzled poor Pippy so he could not bark and thrust him into his bag, when the door opened suddenly, and there stood Cousin Albert's beautiful new wife, from the city, of whom Bee was very much afraid.

She wore a light blue silk wrapper, and its wide loose sleeves were lined with white satin and had tiny white tassels on the points.

It was partly her clothes that made Bee afraid of her. No one in Pekoe wore clothes like that. And, all summer, when Bee came in from playing in the sand-bank, her oldest sister, Philena, had said, "Oh, *what* if Cousin Albert's wife should come over and see you looking like that!"

Now, as soon as she saw Cousin Albert's wife, Bee put the book over the little yellow spot on her apron—that meant peaches—and felt of her back hair to find out whether the bow had staid on. (Alas! it hadn't.)

Cousin Albert's wife said that her baby's nurse, Viola, had gone to bed with the toothache, and she wanted some one to take care of the baby while she went into the kitchen and saw that her

real old lace was properly done up. She couldn't trust it to anyone.

Uncle Joshua only made the little gruff noise in his throat, without looking up. He didn't seem to think anything of her real old lace.

"Beatrice, can't you take care of the baby?" asked Cousin Albert's wife.

Now if Bee was afraid of Cousin Albert's wife she was more afraid of the baby! They hadn't any at home and Bee was not much acquainted with them. This one was very new and it screwed up its little pinkish face and cried if you looked at it. And Bob said that a person never could tell what a baby would do.

To take care of one seemed such a great, awful thing to do!

"She's asleep. You will only have to sit by the cradle and rock it a little if she wakes," said Cousin Albert's wife encouragingly.

"I'm—I'm afraid she will break," stammered Bee. "I'm always unlucky with dolls. And my hair is'nt nice; the bow is lost off, and there are burdock burrs in it!"

Bee's face brightened as she said this, for she thought surely so elegant a person wouldn't want an untidy little girl to come near her baby.

"Oh, no matter. I'll lend you a comb. Come!" said Cousin Albert's wife.

Bee had never combed her hair in her life; but was a person with any pride going to own that to Cousin Albert's wife, who took her for a big girl? She laid down "Pippy's Warning." Then she slipped down from the shelf and followed the blue train up stairs.

There was a crumb of comfort in the proud thought that she might live to tell Bob.

Bob himself, who was twelve, would not dare to take care of a baby!

Sophie Swett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE SITS ON THE FENCES.

FIERCE JACKY LANTERN.

FIERCE Jacky Lantern,
A terrible fellow,
Without any feet,
With a head huge and yellow,
With two fiery eyes
And the frightfulest grin,
Comes up from the fields
When the harvest is in!

He sits on the fences
When people go by,
And fixes upon them
His flaming red eye.
Some folks are so brave
That they think him great fun,
But I—*I* am scared,
And—O HOW I RUN!

Elizabeth Hill.

SHEM, THE STUPID.

ALL my life I have been called a stupid dog. No one knows how it hurt my feelings. They said they couldn't teach me anything. But many a teacher can't teach you much, as all children know.

One day I found a nice warm piece of carpet on the back steps. The ground was damp, and I took the carpet and dragged it into the sun, and lay down on it. It felt soft and dry and warm.

Pretty soon my master came and took the carpet away and cuffed me with it, and laid it back on the steps. When he had gone in I took the carpet into the sun again.

He cuffed me about that carpet ever so many times, but I kept dragging it into the sun, for I needed it badly.

At last my master gave me a good hard whipping and called me a "stupid, good-for-nothing dog." I went off by myself and felt just dreadful. I could hardly sit up, I was so discouraged, so I dragged myself over to the garden wall, and leaned up against it, and let my jaw drop. I really didn't care *what* became of me!

I WAS SO DISCOURAGED.

At that instant my master came around the corner of the house carrying the black box he takes pictures with, and took mine, and you can see for yourself how very discouraged I was feeling.

Then my master squinted his eyes down the road awhile, and

then screwed the black box on a tall thing with three long thin legs.

My Little Master—I have two masters—came running out to see his papa. Little Master is two years old, and he pulls my ears dreadfully, but I like him. It is *such* fun to knock him over! You see, he isn't very steady on his legs yet, and he topples over easily.

Big Master set up his black picture box, and I heard him say, "O pshaw! I've forgotten something." Then he told Little Master not to go near the black box, but as soon as the door was shut that was exactly what Little Master did. I barked hard, but Little Master toddled right along to the box on the three thin legs. I felt sure he would try to pull it over, and it might fall on him, and then—he was such a *little* fellow, and the picture box was so big!

YOU CAN SEE HOW GOOD I WAS FEELING!

I barked with all my might, but no one came. I didn't know *what* to do. All at once I thought of something. I jumped up and ran, and just as Little Master reached out his fat hand to touch one of the long thin legs, I knocked him over on the soft grass. He was used to that, and he shouted, and laughed, and pulled my ears—oh, how he did pull them!—but I was so happy I didn't mind one bit.

It was all done in the little minute that Big Master had been in the house. I didn't suppose he'd know why I knocked Little Master down, but he must have opened the door just in time to see, for he patted and petted me so I could hardly stay in my skin. My tail was really lame afterwards, I wagged it so hard. Many a time Big Master had petted me, but not in this way.

O, how proud I was to hear Big Master say, "You're a fine

fellow, sir! You are not half as stupid as you look, Shem. No, you're not! You're *not* stupid, Shem! Good dog! Good dog!"

Then he picked up Little Master, and gave us both a big lunch of currant buns. I do love currant buns, don't you?

Then we sat on the steps while he took his picture of the street. I held my head up proudly and looked all around. It was a *very* sunshiny day, it seemed to me. I snuggled up closer to Little Master, and felt I loved him more than ever.

Just as Big Master was coming toward the house, while I was holding my head up proudly, he pointed the picture box at me again, before I knew what he was at. You can see by the picture how good I was feeling, and no wonder. At last I was thought well of!

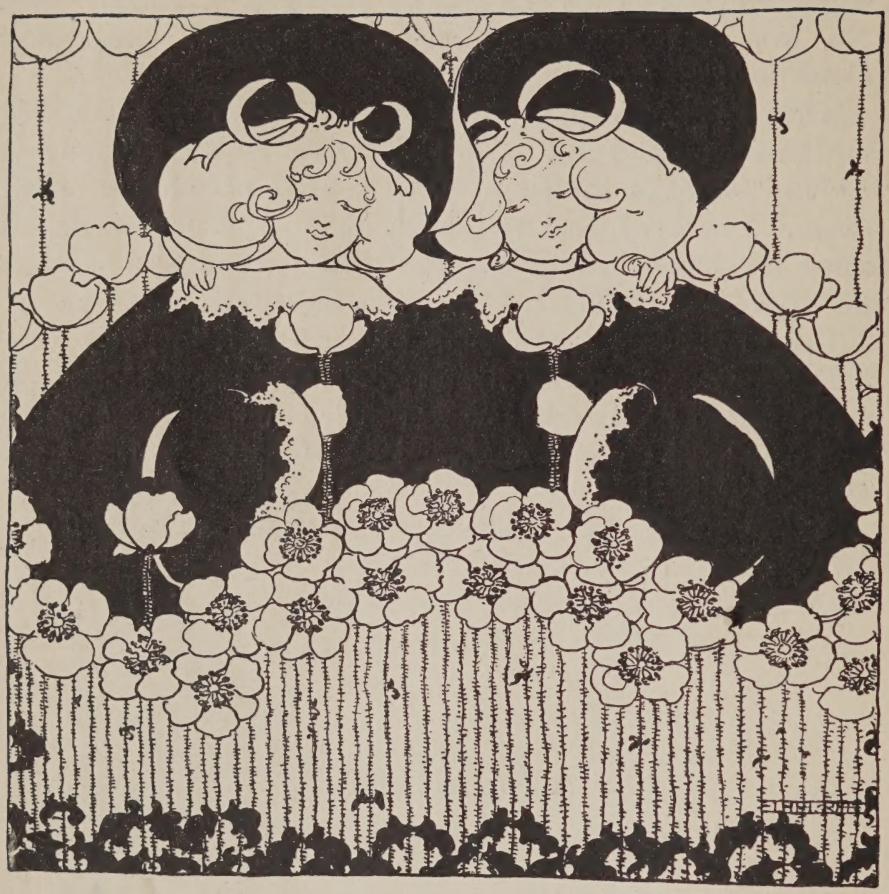
Annie Isabel Willis.

A WISHBONE.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

WISHY-wishy-wishbone!
A wish for you, or me!
Which of us will get it?
We'll snap the bone and see.
Mine's a very nice wish,
And you shall share it, dear,
In case you shouldn't get your own —
So pull, and never fear.
And if the fairies favor *you*,
And will not give me it,
But let you have the lucky wish,
I shall not mind a bit.

Beth Portland.



THIS IS ARABELLA AND THIS IS ARAMINTA.

OH, ARABELLA, ARAMINTA, WHAT A WONDERFUL, GLAD SURPRISE!

IT was October, a warm, bright day in October, and down below the little brook the maple trees were red.

And Arabella went down the path through the pasture and across the brook to grandmamma's. And Araminta went down the path through the pasture and across the brook to grandmamma's. Their grandmamma lived in a big red house with an ivy vine over the door.

And when she saw Arabella coming, and when she saw Araminta coming, she ran out into the yard to meet them.

"Oh, bless your dear little hearts!" she said. "Bless your dear little hearts!" And she hugged them up close in her arms and kissed them a great many times.

"We've come to stay all day and all night," said Arabella, and she danced about and clapped her hands.

"We've come to stay all day and all night," said Araminta, and she danced about and clapped her hands.

And Arabella had never stayed away from her mother and father a night in her life. And Araminta had never stayed away from her mother and father a night in her life.

Their grandmamma smiled and said, "Oh, I'm afraid you'll cry if you stay all night. I'm afraid you'll cry. You'd better go home by dark."

And Arabella said, "Why, I don't cry; I'm five years old; I don't cry any more!"

And Araminta said, "Why, I don't cry; I'm five years old; I don't cry any more!"

And their grandmamma said, "Well, well, we'll see. If I hear you crying in the night, I'll take you out of bed and carry you right over home."

And Arabella said, "Let's go and see the little calves."

And Araminta said, "Let's go and see the little calves."

And grandmamma took hold of Arabella's hand, and she took hold of Araminta's hand, and they all went out to the barn; and there in the hay, in the sweet, fresh hay, were two little Jersey calves, two dear little Jersey calves.

And Arabella said, "Oh, oh, oh, you dear little baby calves!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, oh, oh, you dear little baby calves!"

And grandmamma said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Arabella, I'll tell you what I'll do, Araminta. If you are good little girls, and do not cry tonight, I'll give those calves to you."

And Arabella said, "Oh, grandmamma, for our own, our very own to keep?"

And Araminta said, "Oh, grandmamma, for our own, our very own to keep?"

And their grandmamma said, "Yes, yes, for your very own to keep."

And Arabella said, "I'll not cry, I'm sure I'll not cry."

And Araminta said, "I'll not cry, I'm sure I'll not cry."

And all day long they played, and their grandmamma played with them. They played hide-and-seek in the orchard. They made little pies and cakes in the kitchen. It was a happy, happy day.

But the day passed, and the sun went down, and darkness came. And grandmamma sat down by the window, and she ook Arabella on her lap, and she took Araminta on her lap.

And the moon came up, and the stars came out, and oh, it was very still—not even a cricket was chirping.

And Arabella said, "I never stayed away from my home before. I want to see my mamma."

And Araminta said, "I never stayed away from my home before. I want to see my mamma."

And grandmamma said, "What! what! are you going to cry? Who shall I give those calves to?"

And Arabella said, "I'm not going to cry."

And Araminta said, "I'm not going to cry."

And grandmamma said, "You brave little dears, I guess those calves are yours."

And she hugged them and kissed them and tucked them into bed, and very soon they were sound, sound asleep.

And when they woke in the morning the very first thing they saw was their father and grandmamma standing beside the bed and smiling down at them.

And their father said, "Good morning, Arabella. Good morning, Araminta. There's a great surprise for you at home."

And Arabella sat up in bed and said, "Oh, what is the surprise, papa?"

And Araminta sat up in bed and said, "Oh, what is the surprise, papa?"

They were very greatly excited.

And their father said, "You have two little brothers, Arabella, you have two little brothers, Araminta, come to your home to live."

And Arabella said, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!" And she jumped up on the bed and threw her arms around her father's neck.

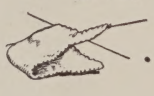
And Araminta said, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!" And she jumped up on the bed and threw her arms around her father's neck.

And grandmamma held up both her hands and said, "What a family! What a family! Who ever heard of such a family—children all in pairs!"

Gertrude Smith.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

1 What did the Black Cat do? Guess!

It was Thanksgiving Day, and dinner was all ready. There was a big in the middle of the , and a fine smoked in front of Grandpa's place. On the sideboard were mince, squash, and , and a great dish of . The children were capering about, the had struck the hour, and Hannah was just going to ring the , when, who ever heard of such a thing! – Grandma lost her ! She looked in the which held her  . She looked in the of her apron, and between the pages of her , and among the things in her but they were not there. They were really lost, and they must be found, quick!

Now all this time, as you must know, the was lying in his very quietly. His were almost shut, but he could see, O yes! He saw when Grandpa put by his , and little Nathan, who had his already on, climbed down from his high chair, eager to help hunt for the lost . "I do believe the knows where they are!" said Polly. But Grandma laughed. "O no! He is fast asleep!" she said. And still they hunted. They shook out the , and lifted the , and looked in all the , and Prissy even peeped in the . But Tom's sharp eyes saw something shining where no one else had looked. "O, the naughty, naughty cat! See, see!" he cried. And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

"COME HERE, 'ITTY ENGINE!"

BRAVE BABY BETTY.

WHEN Betty Ellis was two years old she was so pretty and so cunning that people turned around on the street to look at her, and everybody wanted to kiss her. She had rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, and her hair was almost as white as grandpa's and curled all over her head.

Her Aunt Jane came to her mamma's house on a visit and brought some fine green-and-white cloth to make Betty a frock; and when Betty wore the frock and ran into the field where the men were making hay, they said she "looked just like the rest of the grass and wasn't a bit taller," and her mamma was afraid they would make a mistake and cut her down with the mowing-machine, and sent somebody to bring her back to the house.

But the trouble was, Betty did not like to stay in the house; she wanted to know what was going on out of doors.

Now there was a railroad-track on the other side of the field, and when Betty saw the engine coming and heard it shriek and puff she always hid her face and cried. Perhaps she thought it was coming to eat her up.

Aunt Jane was sorry to have Betty made unhappy; and once when she was walking out with her holding her little hand, she said, "See, there is the pretty engine! Come here, little engine, Betty will be good to you, *she* won't hurt you!"

Betty stopped crying then and smiled all over her face—a very kind smile—and said in a soft cooing voice, "Come, itty engine, Betty won't hurt oo!"

And the engine took courage and came; and Betty was glad she had been so good as to let it come!

After this she was not afraid any more, but, upon my word, she began to like the engine! I dare say she thought the big noisy thing was alive and came on purpose to see her. You must remember that Betty was very young and did not know much more than a white kitten.

But let me tell you what she did one day; it was really very odd. Mamma and Aunt Jane were up stairs talking, and the front door was not locked, and Betty slipped quietly out of the house and ran away. This was nothing new, she often ran away. But just now the engine was coming around a curve in the track, ever so far off, and Betty saw it and danced for joy and ran to meet it as if it were an old friend. Yes, she ran upon the track, that brave baby, and called out to the smoking wheezing engine, "Come, itty engine, Betty won't hurt oo!" and laughed.

Now this would have been dreadful, only somebody was about to save her, she was not going to be harmed.

A man sat by the roadside near by, painting a picture of the sky and trees. He was so busy that he did not see the baby or know she was there till he heard her laugh. Then he looked up. She was standing on the track waving her tiny arms and saying, "Come here, itty engine!"

And the engine took courage and was coming; it was almost there!

You may be sure the man threw down his paint-brushes, ran very fast, caught up the baby and whisked her off the track. And how glad he was that he had got there in time!

But what do you think that baby did? She cried for fright. She had not been afraid of the furious engine, but she was afraid of the good man who had saved her life!

He knew she didn't know any better. He only laughed and kissed her, and asked some boys whose baby she was, and carried her home to her mother.

Sophie May.

NELLY AND MRS. PUSSY-CAT.

TWO LITTLE LECTURES.

The Little Girl of the House: Mrs. Pussy-cat, I'm going to lecture you. I think you should make your kittens behave! I don't think that your kittens are brought up very well! Your kittens are doing naughty things all day long. Yester-

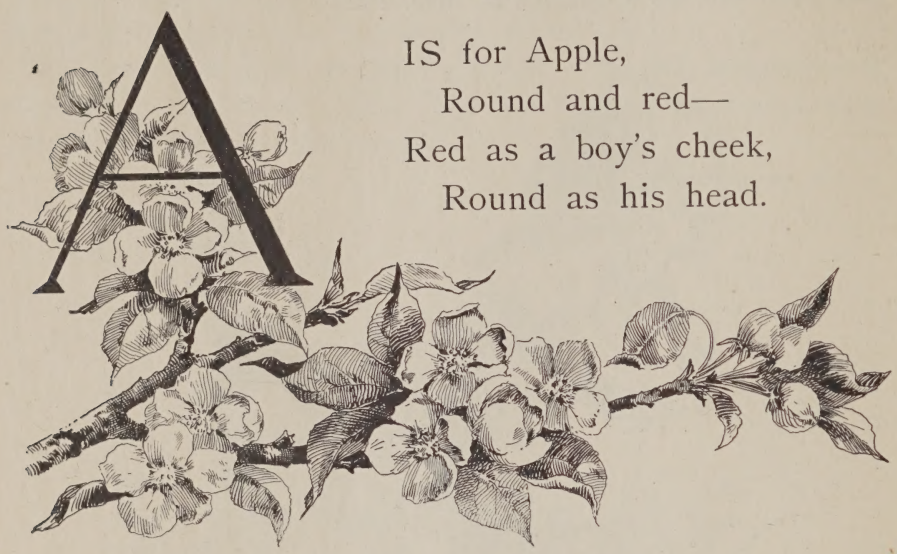
day Fluffy played at football with my wool and tangled it into tangles. Snowdrop licked the red cheeks off my doll Rosy's face. Frisky frightened the canary bird almost into fits! My bird and my doll both feel scared all the time. You should give your kittens a talking-to, Mrs. Pussy-cat."

MRS. PUSSY-CAT AND NELLY.

The Cat of the House: "Yes, Nelly, I will; but first, I'll give you one. You are a little girl, and little girls think they know more than kittens. What made you leave your ball of wool out of your basket in a place where Fluffy could take it to play with? Why didn't you put doll Rosy away in the closet, instead of leaving her under the sofa where Snowdrop could get her and lick her? Why did you leave the canary's cage on the table where Frisky could climb up and frighten her? I truly don't think that your mother's little girl has been brought up very well. She should teach you to be orderly, Nelly, if she is going to have you live in the house with kittens!"

Elizabeth Hill.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



IS for Apple,
Round and red—
Red as a boy's cheek,
Round as his head.

(*Mama's Apple Talk.*)

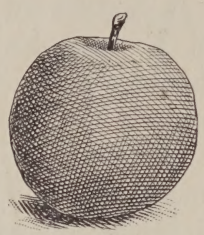
WHEN I asked my three little folks which fruit they would choose could they have but one, Tommy shouted "Oranges!" and Will and Dot both said "Peaches!" Then they asked *me*. I said, "O, I will take the same as the Queen of England, if you please!"

Then Dot asked if I really and truly knew what fruit the Queen of England liked best; and when I said, "Yes, she likes apples best," all three cried out together, "Why, mama! *apples!*" "Yes," I said, "she likes apples best."

"But, *mama!* apples are so *common!*"

Then I "stood up" for the apple. I praised it for being common; for being so plentiful that every child could have all the apples it wanted. And then I praised it for beauty. Oranges are always yellow. But you could almost make a rainbow with rows of apples—all the shades of red, all the shades

of yellow, all the shades of green, and there are bluish apples, and purplish apples, and brown ones! And so many sweet kinds! and so many sour kinds! Sauce apples, and pie apples, and dumpling apples, and roasting apples, and apples for little pockets! O, how I did praise apples!



AN APPLE.

Then I praised the tree—the tree that bears the beautiful rosy apple-blossoms! the birds' tree, the robins' tree—more birds' nests in the cosy apple tree than in any other tree!

And I praised orchards more and more—how everybody loved to walk in them, and children loved to play in them, and how painters loved to paint pictures of them; and I said it was from our beautiful American orchards the Queen's apples were bought. "And where did we Americans first get apples?" Dot asked. "Did the Pilgrims bring them over?" "No," I laughed, "but the Puritans did."

IN AN APPLE ORCHARD.

MY BIG WILD TURKEY.

AS early as 1834, when I was ten years old, wild turkeys had become very scarce in the neighborhood of my home, a big farm, not twenty miles from where now stands the city of Toronto.

At this time I had a flint-lock, single-barrel shot-gun of my own and could shoot pretty well for such a little chap, though I generally got only small game. But two days before my tenth birthday, an astounding piece of good luck befell me.

My mother was to give me a little party on that occasion, and had invited a whole swarm of young cousins, living eight miles away, to come to dinner, stay all day and spend the night.

I could see lots of fun ahead; and in order to make the dinner as sumptuous an affair as possible, I determined to furnish the table with game of my own providing. So, early in the morning, two days before the party, I took my gun and started off to the big beech-woods, where any quantity of the previous autumn's nuts were still lying on the leaf-covered ground.

In the course of an hour or two I had secured as many partridges, squirrels and quails as I could carry; also, I had put the very last of my powder and shot in the gun, and this charge, according to the rules my father had taught me, must be reserved for any unforeseen need. I didn't have to reserve it long.

I had been sitting for some time on a fallen tree, putting my game in nice shape, when I heard, about a quarter of a mile away, the gobbling of a turkey. The sound sent a joyous thrill through my whole body, for I felt sure it had been made by a *wild* turkey. Our own old gobbler had no such ringing voice as that; besides, I knew that he was safely shut up at home.

"Hurrah!" I thought, "if I can get a real wild turkey for my birthday dinner, won't I be a hero!"

Hanging my string of game on a sapling, I glided as silently as I could through the woods, the tell-tale gobbling becoming every moment more and more audible.

By and by I came to a little gully and, after creeping along this for a hundred yards or so, I peeped over its edge just at a spot where grew a clump of thick bushes. Then it was all I could do to keep in a jubilant yell; for in a small open place, not forty feet away, an enormous wild gobbler, with toe-tripping wings and outspread tail, was strutting around as proudly as if he owned the whole world.

I PEEPED OVER THE BUSHES.

As the morning sun shone down on his gorgeous plumage of black, bronze, azure, purple and gold, he was a beauty. I thought how splendidly he would set off my birthday dinner and shoving the gun-barrel softly through the bushes, I took aim at his vain-glorious head and pulled the trigger.

No report followed, for the worn flint had failed to send a spark into the priming pan. Though he could not see me, the pride-puffed turkey heard the snap, and, instantly drawing in his trailing wings and lowering his fan-like tail, he smoothed

down his feathers, jumped on an old log and stood there, straight and stiff, glancing about to find the cause of the alarm.

Trembling so that I could hardly open it, I drew my pocket-knife, loosened the hammer-screw and turned a sharp corner of the flint to the front—all so quietly that the great gobbler never stirred. Then, hurriedly aiming, I once more touched the trigger.

This time the gun went off all right, and the mighty bird tumbled over—mine for sure—before the powder smoke had cleared away. Then I did yell, and no mistake! If, for the next five minutes, there had been any spectators to witness my antics they might have thought me a crazy young Indian.

On lifting the huge gobbler, I found him so heavy that I had to leave my string of smaller game behind, for I found it all I could do to lug him home alone; and no wonder, for when dressed, ready to stuff and roast for my party, he weighed twenty-six pounds—the largest turkey, wild or tame, that had ever been seen in that part of the country—so all the old hunters said.

With this great bird, beautifully browned, crowning one end of the table, it is needless to say that my birthday dinner was considered a grand success.

W. Thomson.

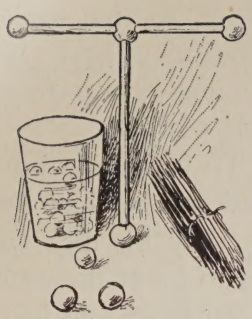
THE FIRST FLAKE.

SING a song o' snowflakes!
One has come to town;
Millions more will follow,
Softly sailing down.
Sing a song o' snowballs!
Sing o' sleds and slides!
Sing o' jingling sleighbells!
Sing o' jolly rides!

X. P.

A STICK-AND-PEA PLAY.

(*For Thanksgiving Day.*)



THE STICKS AND PEAS AND THE LETTER "T."

THE kindergarten children know about "pea work." The "work" is really "play." You soak dry peas in water over-night. You take them out of the water an hour before you are ready to "make things." Besides the peas, you will need a lot of slender sticks —wood toothpicks, with pointed ends, can be used.

A letter "T" is easy to make. Slip three peas on a stick, one in the middle, one at each end. Take a second stick, slip a pea on one end, then thrust the other end into the middle pea on the first stick. This makes a letter "T" like that in the initial picture. The letter "T" is the first letter of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day is THANKFUL DAY. You can go on and make all the letters of the two words, as in the "plan"— and after the Thanksgiving dinner Grandma will put them up on the wall for a Thanksgiving Day motto.

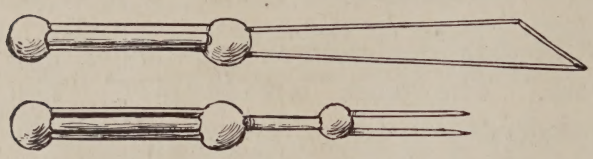
You can also make a carving knife and fork, to give to Grandpa. For the knife handle, take three short sticks, hold them close together, and press a good-sized pea on each end. The blade is made of one long slim stick bent twice, as shown in the picture; the two ends being brought nearly together and thrust into the pea at the end of the handle. Cut the long stick half through at the two bends, and also wet it there, so it will not break in bending.

THANKFUL DAY

PLAN OF THANKSGIVING DAY MOTTO.

The fork handle is just like the knife handle. Into the pea at the end, set a very short stick, with a pea on its end; and into this last pea slip two slender sticks for the tines.

And after you have pulled the turkey's wishbone, and one of you has got his wish, you can make another wishbone of sticks and peas — two or three of them — as many wishbones as there are children, so that each one may have a chance at getting his wish.

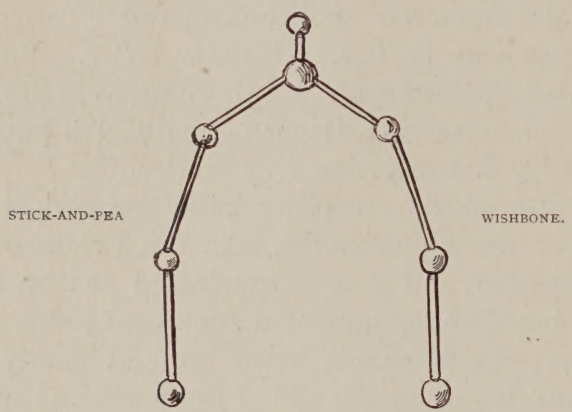


CARVING KNIFE AND FORK.

To make a wishbone, take six sticks of about equal length, and another half as long, six middle-sized peas for the two sides, a very big pea to hold the two sides together, and a little pea to go at the end of the short stick at the top. The picture will show you just how to put them together.

One name for the wishbone is "merry-thought" — because you think of happy things in wishing. May all your really good wishes come true!

C. S. P.



STICK-AND-PEA WISHBONE.

THE BEST WISH.

AND which of all wishes the wish that is best?
Not a toy for yourself, or candy, or penny!
Let me whisper it to you, if you have not guessed—
'Tis a wish for the child that never had any!

(PART II.)

LITTLE FOLKS' WINTER CLOTHES.

FOR little boys from three to nine, three suits will be much worn this winter: the "sailor," which is as popular as ever; the "Brownie" or "middy" suit; and the newer Norfolk, which is the latest thing—a Norfolk jacket with a rolling sailor collar, and a shield, and full sailor sleeves. A leather belt is worn with it, and the trousers are of the full golf pattern, gathered at the knee.

All colors are used in these three suits, but green and brown are liked most. The brown middy and sailor suits have green cloth collars and shields. Those of blue cloth are braided with scarlet or another shade of blue. Beautiful effects can be obtained by this braiding of the collars and shields. A scarlet collar can be braided with rows of soutache braid—alternate black and white, or a brown collar in two shades of green. Dark-red and ox-blood red are among the colors for suits.

As to cloths, the rough-faced goods are preferred for general wear, as they do not show spots and dust as readily as the smooth-faced serges. Jersey cloth is coming into favor again and has a strong recommendation in the fact that it fits neatly. Little boys go into trousers so early now that it is almost impossible to make the ordinary cloths fit the little limbs, but the Jersey, being elastic, fits like a glove.

For dancing-school or other "dress" occasions the sailor suit is the proper thing. The simpler and plainer this is, the better taste. It should be of navy-blue smooth serge, with collar and shield braided with black, and have a black tie. If it is desired to enliven this, any mother may make extra collars and shields to slip over the plain cloth ones. These collars and shields may be of white duck braided with white, scarlet or blue, or of red crepe-de-chine braided with black or white. They are very pretty at night when the all-blue is a little sombre, and with two or three collars a boy has the same as two or three suits. The white lawn blouses with deep collars and cuffs are still worn by a boy

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AMALIE HOFER, Editor.

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under nine, for "dress;" but the proper suit after nine is the Tuxedo, made of black broadcloth exactly like his father's dress suit, save that the coat is without tails. A standing collar and a white lawn tie are worn with it.

The double-breasted reefers this year are frequently braided, the braid being on the seams and cuffs and in "frogs" across the front. They may be of chinchilla or kersey. As in everything else the favorite colors are green or brown.

"FIT FOR THE KING OF THE FAIRIES."

One of the most captivating little coats and fit for the king of the fairies, is the little hooded reefer. This is shown by Messrs. Macullar, Parker & Co. It is of kersey, in dark blue or golden brown, and is made either with or without a broad box plait down the front and back, and has large pearl buttons. But the special feature is the little hood. This is lined with flannel — scarlet if the reefer is blue, green if it is brown (the true Brownie colors), and it is made so that it may be pulled over the head. Anything more quaint and elf-like can hardly be imagined.

Another useful and new boy's garment is the golf cape, made exactly like the ladies' capes, with under-straps, and all in blue or brown kersey or rough chinchilla. The blue ones are lined with scarlet flannel and have little scarlet lined hoods in the back, while the brown ones have green flannel, like the reefers. This is capital for driving or sleighing, as it may be worn over the overcoat and keep out all wind.

For little girls, also, the favorite colors are green and brown. A dainty little "best" coat for a four-year-old is of mouse-colored cloth trimmed with otter and lined with pale-blue silk. A white silk bonnet is worn with it. Another is of a soft shade of green cloth trimmed with fox fur. A very gorgeous suit is of emerald green velvet trimmed with white lace and otter and lined with rose-colored silk. The muff and bonnet match.

For ordinary wear there are little coats of rough cloth, gathered from the yoke, with circular capes braided with white or contrasting colors.

Serge is liked for school-dresses. A stylish dark-blue dress for a girl of seven or eight has a broad sailor collar of scarlet braided with white. The waist is slightly full in front, but is trig and tight in the back, and a broad belt of the serge goes round the waist. Cashmere in all shades from light blue to scarlet and brown makes up prettily and brushes and sponges well; but the little skirts, whether gored or gathered, must be lined with rustle percaline to give them body.

A new shoe for children has come into the market, which will be a boon to mothers who tremble at the idea of damp feet. There are many days when there is no snow on the ground, yet rubbers must be worn because the pavements and boards are still damp. Rubbers are heavy and "draw" and overheat the feet, still there is no part of the body so sensitive to cold and dampness as the sole of the foot. The shoe I speak of has a waterproof sole, and although it does not protect the upper part of the foot in a deep snow, it entirely does away with the necessity of wearing clumsy rubbers on days when the ground is only damp. It is called the Waverly waterproof shoe.

For information thanks are due to Messrs. Macullar, Parker Co., R. H. Stearns & Co., A. Shuman & Co., and Jordan, Marsh & Co.

Etheldred B. Barry.

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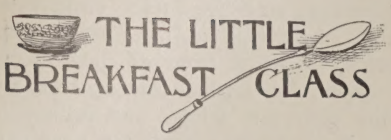

BOYS can cook as well as girls. Quite small boys and girls can cook, that is, some things. I can cook, some, and I am only ten now. I was only eight at first. A welsh-rabbit was what I cooked first. I make welshrabbits for my brothers and sisters. They are older than I am. I often cook things for myself for supper when I get home from school at night. They call me the "shef," and my oldest sister Lina made me a white cook's apron for a Christmas present. My father can cook, too.

But I can cook more than father. I make six sorts of breakfast breads — gems, you know. I don't mean I do it just sometimes, for fun. I do it for the family, for breakfast, and my sister Lina — she is eighteen, too, and she's a Wellesley girl — learned how of me. And my mother says I make better gems than she can herself.

Lina said I ought to have a breakfast class in the new magazine, so I asked the editors, and they said they wished I would. She and my mother say *any* mother would like to have her children make the gems for breakfast, and the children that want to cook can send their names to LITTLE FOLKS (221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.), and I can get the letters from there. I want you to promise to learn to make all the six kinds, and get your mother to promise that you may.

I had to have several things, and you'll have to. My mother bought my things on purpose, and I keep them in a corner on one particular shelf. Mother washes them. My things are a granite-ware gem-pan, twelve gems, and nobody must use your things but yourself. A tinned iron measure-spoon that holds more sugar than a silver tablespoon. One of your mother's silver teaspoons. A yellow mixing-bowl. A half-pint tin cup marked off into quarters, and a pint tin cup, too. Have them both have handles. These are *your* things and nobody else's.

The kind of gems I make most is Arlington Wheat Meal. I dip up my half-pint cup once full and then three-quarters full again into the yellow bowl. Then I put in two good round teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Then I put in the teaspoon one quarter full of salt. Then I put in my big iron spoon as heaping full of sugar as I can get it. Then you mix it all through and through with your hands. I like your hands better than the sieve or a spoon. But you will do as your mother thinks best. Next thing you grease your gem-pan with cottolene. You must not use butter because it sticks. We don't use lard for anything. The next, you go and see if your oven is right. It better be too slow than to burn your gems. But it is generally right when your folks are getting breakfast. Then you put in a good three-quarters of a pint of milk and beat it up — not any eggs and not any shortening. If you do, you lose the sweet, nutty taste of the Arlington. Sometimes you have to have a little more milk, and sometimes a little less milk, if you don't measure your Arlington exact. But they're always good. I hope all your mothers will let you join my class. If she will, send your names to LITTLE FOLKS, and I'll teach you all the six kinds, and you must tell me what luck you have with this first kind.

Jackey Dimock (shef).

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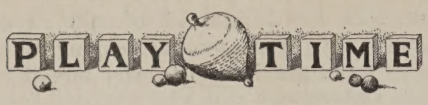

A DOLL'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

WITH white and brown paper, and several colors of tissue, children can contrive a set of make-believe foods to play Thanksgiving dinner with. They can use dolly's dining table and dinner set and play the dinner is to be served to her. Begin by cutting out a small fowl from a picture. This is to be laid on the toy meat platter. Slices of white bread and brown bread are easily cut from writing and manila paper, for the little bread plates. For vegetables, make "mashed potatoes" by wetting white tissue paper lightly and pressing it into a deep little dish; squash can be prepared in the same way from yellow tissue.

Celery is made by twisting white paper into rolls, then spreading out one end and cutting it into fringe-like leaves. If a little green tissue be put inside the white and both rolled together before cutting, the resemblance to celery will be more real.

From leaf-green tissue cut oval pieces; fold each lengthwise and pinch along the folds into little pleats. When the ovals are lightly unfolded they will resemble lettuce leaves. Bits of bright red paper scattered on the leaves will form a lobster salad.

Oranges — bright yellow tissue rolled between the palms into balls; bananas — light yellow paper rolled and pinched into shapes that can be *called* bananas; these fruits, and pie and mottos, will complete the paper food.

A pie is made by filling a little plate (one of mama's little individual butter plates will do) with light-brown tissue wrapping paper made damp; then stretch over it a piece of the same, ornamented with little snips cut in it, like a real pie. Gum this to the edges of the dish and trim off the paper.

Mottos are made from all gay colors of tissue paper, by cutting tiny squares, snipping the ends into fringe, and rolling into shape. If bits of real candy are wrapped in them, the Thanksgiving feast will be considered delightful.

Annie Isabel Willis.

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"The Little Pilgrims," by Hezekiah Butterworth, announced for this number, will appear next month. This is a fine ballad for recitation on the 21st of December—Forefathers' Day.

All Children who read LITTLE FOLKS are invited to write letters for the "Letter-Bag." Send them to Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

Mothers and Fathers everywhere are invited to send to the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, the interesting sayings of their children—odd, cute, funny, strange, witty, or wise—also accounts of their interesting doings, doings out of the common. It is proposed to publish in the Mothers' Department, from time to time, collections of these sayings and doings of children, as a valuable contribution to child-study.

The First Baby Show (see Prospectus) will be held in the January '98 number, or as soon as a sufficient number of photographs are received. Parents everywhere are cordially asked to contribute interesting photographs of babies and very little children—funny, quaint, cute, beautiful, or picturesque. Further particulars next month.

☞**Owing to a False Impression** that some of our correspondents seem to have regarding the new magazine, the publisher wishes it clearly understood that LITTLE FOLKS is *not a successor* to any magazine; nor has its publisher been connected in any way with other children's magazines.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, who were formerly editors of *Babyland* and *Little Men and Women*, severed all connection with those publications some time ago. They will edit no other magazine but LITTLE FOLKS.

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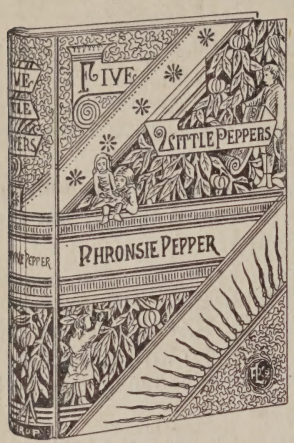


FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS MIDWAY.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS GROWN UP.

PHRONSIE PEPPER. The last of the Five Little Peppers.

This closing book of the now world-famous series of the "Five Little Pepper Books" by Margaret Sidney, is the story of Phronsie, the youngest and dearest of all the Peppers. But Polly and Joel and Ben and Jasper and Mamsie, too, are all in the story.

Any one of the four volumes given for 2 new subscribers. Postage and packing 15 cents extra. Price, each, $1.50, postpaid.

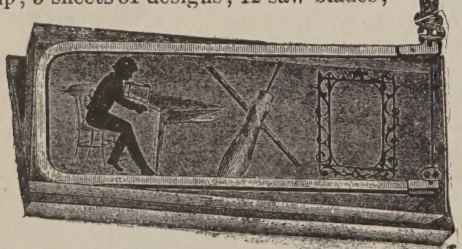
Prang's Non-poisonous Water Colors, and 10 Outline Pictures.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. The colors are fine quality and perfectly harmless. 12 colors and 2 camel's-hair brushes in box. Directions for coloring the pictures included. Price complete, 70 cents.

Bracket Saw Outfit.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

The outfit comprises a spring-steel Saw Frame, 5x12 inches, with patent saw-blade clamp; 3 sheets of designs; 12 saw blades;



awl; impression paper directions. Price 80 cents. Postage 20 cents.

A Free Yearly Subscription to one of the following given for 2 new subscribers to LITTLE FOLKS.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, THE COSMOPOLITAN, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, THE HOUSEHOLD.

Chatterbox. The genuine *Chatterbox*, 1897 edition.

The City of Stories. By F. M. Bicknell. Delightful fairy tales; many illustrations.

The Boys of Fort Schuyler. By James Otis. One of the best historical Indian stories ever written.

Any one of the above 3 books given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 30 cents additional. Postage 12 cents extra. Price, each, $1.25, postpaid.

Captain January. A charming Idyl of New England coast life.

Melody. The story of a child.

Both by Laura E. Richards.

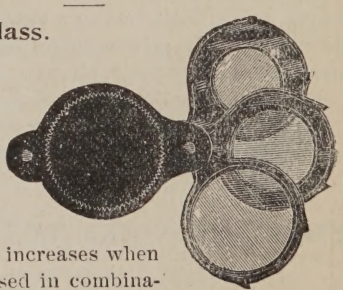
Both books given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Postage 15 cents extra. Price, each, 50 cents.

Louisa M. Alcott's Works.

Little Men, Little Women, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom, Jack and Jill, Jo's Boys, An Old-Fashioned Girl, Under the Lilacs. Miss Alcott's stories are helpful and interesting.

Any one volume given for 2 new subscribers. Postage and packing 12 cents extra. Price, each, $1.50, postpaid.

Magnifying Glass.



Given for one new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Hard rubber case; 3 lenses of different diameters. The power increases when the lenses are used in combination. Price, 75 cents.

Tripod Microscope.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

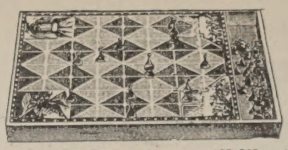
One of the most popular forms of microscopes. Good achromatic lens, mounted in brass. This style is popularly called the "three-legged" microscope, as it rests on three brass supports. Price, 70 cents.

Any other microscopes, books, etc., given as premiums upon request. Write for information.

Pillow-Dex.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

Jolly, exciting, absorbing. For big and little folks—any number of players. The most popular game to-day. The outfit contains 8 best quality "Pillow-Dex" balloons, and silk ribbon marking line. The balloon is struck back and forth rapidly, the object being to make it land on your opponent's side of the line. The best game devised to amuse the home circle and parties at all seasons of the year. Price, 50 cents.



Hold the Fort.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

A new and taking game of skill. Players fond of checkers will like this. Price, 50 cents.

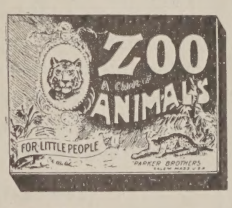
Game of Travel.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cts. extra.

A handsome game representing a tour of Europe. Pieces are metal steamships and railroad trains. Price 65 cents.

Any 2 Games given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price, each, 25 cents.

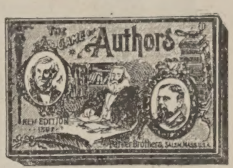
Zoo. A simple game for little ones; those not old enough to read can join. Colored pictures.

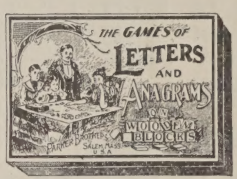


Cut Up History. Nine "sliced" pictures in colors of historical events.

The Sailor Boy. A "sliced" or dissected puzzle, showing in colors, return of a sailor boy from his cruise.

Authors. Always a standard favorite. The cards are finely illustrated.





Letters and Anagrams. The ever popular game, variously called "Logograms," "Words and Sentences," "Word Building," etc.

Old Maid. Very amusing game, with comical cards illustrated in colors.

Any 3 Games given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 12 cents extra. Price, each, 25 cents.

Mother Goose, Jr. Cards in colors illustrating Mother Goose rhymes. A children's game much like "Old Maid."

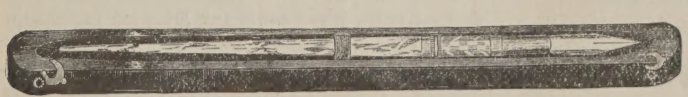
Drawing Teacher. 20 perforated cards, different designs, each 4½x6½ in. Admirable for children.

Dominoes. A handsome and durable set. Black with white spots.

Cut Up Animals. Same as the "Sliced" pictures sets, has letters at the top, words at bottom.

Hare and Hounds. The board is covered with various paths over which the hare tries to escape. Very interesting to the children.

Checkers. Very desirable, and elegantly finished. Much superior to wood.



Ladies' Pearl Penholder.

Given for 3 new subscribers and 10 cents additional.

Fine pearl handle, solid gold pen, in elegant morocco case. Price, $2.00.

Ladies' Long Guard Chain No. 1558.

Given for 2 new subscribers. Heavy Rolled Gold Plate. 48 inches in length. Price, $1.25.

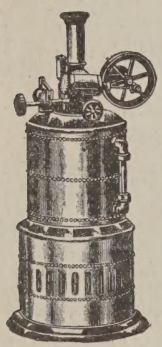
Six Games. Given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 10 cents extra.

The games are very attractive to the children; cards brightly illustrated.

Bo-Peep.—The story of "Little Bo-Peep;" for the little ones. **Cinderella.**—Another one to interest the little folks. **Puss in the Corner.**—A pretty game. **Shopping.**—A splendid game on the "trading" plan. **Snap.**—Always popular and amusing. **When My Ship Comes In.**—A fortune-telling game, with colored cards. Price of the set, 50 cents.

Any Three of the above, and either of the following, given for 1 new subscriber.

Corner Grocery.—A novel, exciting game. The children can "play store" to their heart's content. **Tiddledy Winks.**—Always a popular game; has colored bone pieces, glass cup. Price, each, 25 cts.



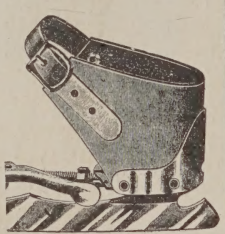
Weeden Engine. Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 25 cents additional.

Polished sheet brass; absolutely safe. Every one tested. Very interesting and instructive to children. Price, $1.25.

Rubber Foot Ball.

Given for 2 new subscribers. Large size. Best quality. Price 75 cts.

"Long Reach" Skates.



Automatic adjustment to the foot; no loosening nor getting out of order.

Postage and packing 40 cents extra; or by express, receiver to pay charges. Give length of foot.

Ladies Skates No. 5 L. Given for 2 new subscribers; or 1 new subscriber and 40 cents extra.

Polished runners, cast steel, leather heel straps as in cut. Price, $1.25.

The same, *nickel plated*, given for 2 new subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, $1.50.

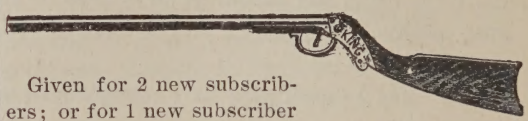
Skates No. 5. Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Refined cast steel runners, highly finished and polished. Price, 85 cents.

Skates No. 6. Given for 2 new subscribers. Working parts of crucible steel. Price, $1.25.

The same, *nickel plated*, for 3 new subscribers. Price, $1.50.

(Each pair of skates requires 40 cents extra for postage and packing; or sent by express.)

The King Repeating Air Rifle.



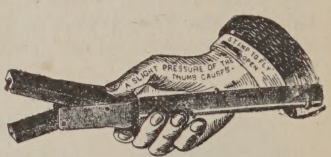
Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing 45 cents extra; or by express, receiver to pay charges.

Working parts are steel, interchangeable; length, 31½ inches. The magazine holds 150 BB shot. One of the finest air guns made. Price, $1.50. Postage extra, as above; or sent by express.

Telescopic Drinking Cup.
Pen and Pencil Name Stamp.
The "Little Aeronaut."

Any two given for 1 new subscriber.

The stamp is a pen, pencil and rubber name stamp combined, all ready for instant use. Extra ink included



The "Little Aeronaut" is a new and captivating toy. The parachute and image are thrown into the air by means of a "throw stick" (included). The parachute opens and floats slowly to the ground. Price, each, 25 cents.

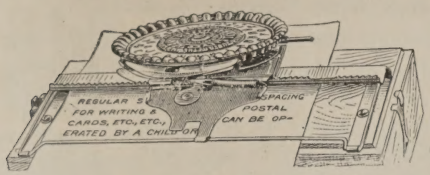
Peerless Letter Scale.

Given for 1 new subscriber. For home or office use. Weighs accurately from ¼ ounce to 12 ounces. The hook is used for tied parcels; the clamp for letters. Price 45 cents.

Silver Thimble.

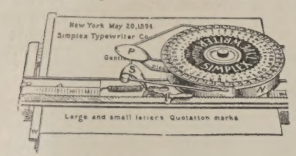
Given for 1 new subscriber. Solid silver. Mention size desired. Price 50 cents.

"Little Giant" Typewriter.



Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 40 cents additional.

A practical and durable little typewriter, for writing letters or in a book, marking packages, etc. Can be understood and operated at once by any child able to spell. The Automatic Inker, with fountain pads avoids handling ink. Price, $1.15.

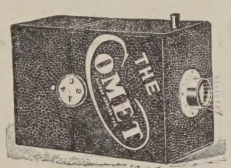


For a larger, more complete Typewriter, we offer the

Improved Simplex Typewriter.

Given for 5 new subscribers; or for 3 new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Has 84 characters; work is equal to the highest priced machines; total weight only a pound. Price, $3.00.

The "Comet" Camera.



Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 40 cents additional.

Simple in construction, cannot get out of order. A child can successfully use it. Point the camera and press the button. The "Comet" is a magazine camera, holding sufficient film at a time for 4 pictures, each picture 1 inch square.

Extra Films. 1 dozen given for 1 new subscriber. Price, 40 cents.

Developing Outfit. Given for 1 new subscriber. Consists of 2 rolls of film, developing and fixing materials, blue print paper, etc. Price, 25 cents.

The "Crescent" Camera.

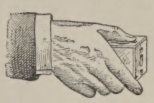
Given for 4 new subscribers; or for 2 new subscribers and 75 cents additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

For glass plates and cut films; makes 3x3 picture; shutter for "snapshot" and time. Leather covered; fine lens. One double Plate Holder included. Price of Camera and Plate Holder $2.00. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.

"Cyclone" Camera.

Given for 10 new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing 35 cents extra.

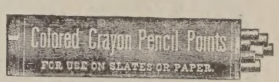
The **Ray Camera** will be substituted if desired. For 4x5 glass plates, fine lens, snapshot and time shutter. Price, $6.25, prepaid.



Pocket Kodak. Given for 6 new subscribers. 1 roll of film (12 pictures), included. Postage and packing 15 cents extra.

Makes a picture 1½x2 inches; snapshot and time shutter. For film and glass plates. Price, $5.00. Roll of extra film 25 cents.

Book Slate, Colored Crayons and Holder. All given for 1 new subscriber. Postage and packing 10 cents extra.



A Silicate Slate having 6 writing surfaces, each 6x9 inches. 5 boxes colored crayon points, each holding 7 different points; and a crayon holder (with eraser) included. Price complete, 60 cents.

Boy's 2-bladed Knife No. 191.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cts. additional.

Best steel; "clip" point (as in cut) or regular; length, open, 6½ inches. Price 60 cents.

4-bladed Penknife.

Given for 1 new subscriber. Fine pearl handle; good steel; finely finished; length of handle 2¼ inches. Price 50 cts.

After present stock is exhausted we may be unable to continue this liberal offer of the penknife.

Solid Steel Shears.

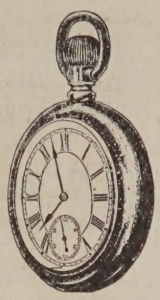
Given for 1 new subscriber. Fine steel; nickeled; 8 in. Price 65 cents.

Ladies' Scissors.

Given for 1 new subscriber. 5 inches; nickeled. Price 30 cents.

NOTE.—*For each Watch include 15 cents extra for postage and registry fee. This guarantees safe delivery.*

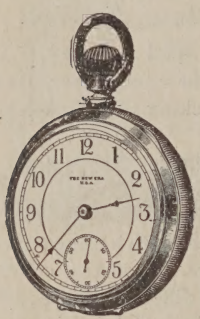
Boy's Watch No. 353.



Given for 3 new subscribers and 25 cents additional; or for 1 new subscriber and $1.15 additional.

We call it a "boy's" watch simply from the ease with which any boy may own it. It is a genuine *watch*—one that thousands of business men carry every day. It is not a small clock. Nickel case, stem wind, cylinder escapement. Excellent time-keeper. Price $2.75

Gentlemen's Watch, No. 801.



Given for 5 new subscribers and 25 cents additional; or for 3 new subscribers and $1.10 additional.

Open face, solid Silverine engine-turned case; fitted with genuine American movement (Trenton Watch Co.); guaranteed for its timekeeping qualities. Price $4.00.

"Silverine" is a composition of silver and nickel; wears and looks like silver; never tarnishes.

Girls' Watch No. 804.

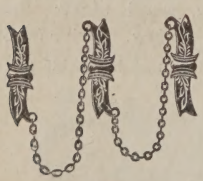
Given for 6 new subscribers; or for 3 new subscribers and $1.25 additional.

Similar to Watch No. 801, but smaller, for ladies and boys. Fitted with the accurate and reliable "Victor" (Swiss) movement. Price $4.50.

Ladies' Watch No. 831.

Given for 22 new subscribers; or for 10 new subscribers and $5.50 additional.

Solid 14-kt Gold Filled case; Waltham or Elgin movement; 7 jewels. Price $16.



No. 3060.

Baby Pin No. 3060.
Baby Ring (*see cut*).
Baby Pin No. 110.

Any two given for 1 new subscriber. Pins and chains fine Gold plate. Ring is solid Gold Filled; in small sizes only. Price, each, 25 cts.

No. 110.

Ladies' Fine Watch No. 824-2.

Solid Gold Filled Case, American Movement.

Given for 14 new subscribers; or for 9 new subscribers and $2.00 additional; or for 5 new subscribers and $3.75 additional.

A beautiful watch; hunting case; stem wind and stem set; fitted with N. Y. Standard Watch Co. nickel movement; ¾ plate; 7 jewels. The movements from this company are noted for their accuracy and reliability. Price $9.50.

A "Filled" case is made in three parts: the outside and inside of solid gold, with a cheaper and very hard metal placed between. Thus a "filled" case is very largely solid gold; is stronger and less expensive than an all-gold case; will wear many years.

3299. 122. Baby Ring. 1869. 407. 3040.

Solid Gold Garnet Ring No. 3299.

Given for 2 new subscribers and 15 cents additional. Price, $1.50.

Solid Gold Fancy Stone Ring No. 122.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Turquoise and Pearls.

Solid Gold Ring No. 1869.

Given for 1 new subscriber. Price, 75 cents.

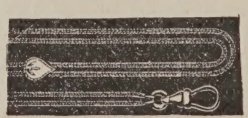
Solid Gold and Diamond Baby Ring No. 407.

Given for 2 new subscribers; or for 1 new subscriber and 30 cents additional. In sizes 0 to 4 only. Genuine Diamond.

Solid Gold Ring No. 3040.

Given for 2 new subscribers. Flat or rounded. Price, $1.50.

Child's Neck Chain.



Given for 2 new subscribers.

Fine Rolled Gold Plate. Price, $1.25.

In Solid Gold, given for 4 new subscribers and $1.00 additional. Price, $4.00.

Ladies' Chain No. 2244.

Given for 2 new subscribers.

Extra heavy Gold Plate. Price, $1.50.

Child's Cup No. 74.

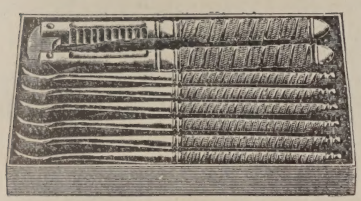
Given for 2 new subscribers. Silver plated, fine satin finish, beautifully engraved, gold lined. Price $1.25.

Napkin Ring No. 206.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

Heavily silver plated; satin finish, with finely engraved design. Price 80 cents.

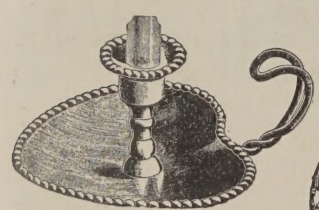
Nutpicks and Cracker No. 313c.



Given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional. Six in a neat box; silver plated; light and strong. Price 75 cts.

Silver Plated Candlestick and Salt (or Pepper).

Both given for 1 new subscriber.



Candlestick is burnished; base about 2½ inches across. Silver plated Salt or Pepper. Price, Candlestick 40 cents; Salt, 25 cents.

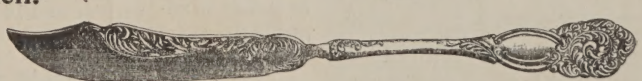
Berry Spoon, Soup Ladle, Pie Knife.

Any one given for 2 new subscribers and 25 cents additional.

Triple plated. The Berry Spoon and Pie Knife are gold lined. Price, each, $1.50.

Butter Knife and Sugar Shell.

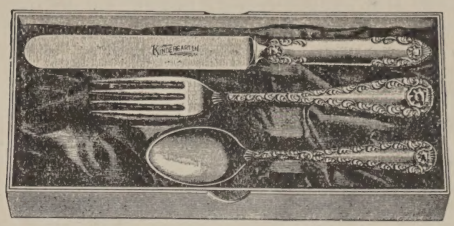
Both given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional



Both are triple plate, finely finished. The handle of Butter Knife is "Norwood" pattern; Sugar Shell handle is "Windsor" pattern. Name style preferred. Price, each, 35 cents.

Child's Silver Plated Set.

Given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional.



Heavily plated Knife, Fork and Spoon; in satin lined box. Price 75 cents.

Child's Set, including Napkin Ring.

Given for 2 new subscribers. In plush lined box; different design from above. Price $1.25.

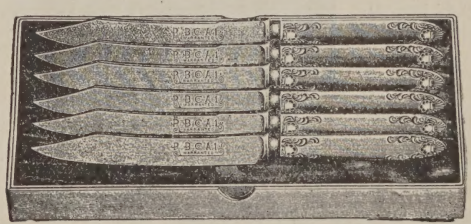
Napkin Ring No. 104. Swan Pin Cushion.

Both given for 1 new subscriber.

Both are Silver plated. The Swan is 3 inches in length. Price, Napkin Ring, 40 cents; Swan 15 cents.

Set of Fruit Knives.

Given for 3 new subscribers; or for 2 new subscribers and 30 cents additional.



An elegant set, heavily silver plated. In satin lined box. Price $1.50.

Table Spoons and Table Forks.

¼ dozen of either given for 2 new subscribers.

All the spoons, forks and knives offered are *triple plated*, and will wear for many years. Finished in "Norwood" or "Windsor" pattern. (See cut of Butter Knife.)

Tea Spoons.

½ dozen given for 2 new subscribers.

In "Norwood" and "Windsor" patterns. Price, $1.00.

Coffee Spoons.

½ dozen given for 1 new subscriber and 15 cents additional.

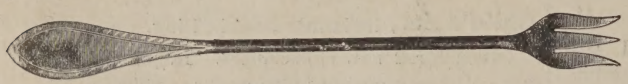
Triple plated; a fine set. Price 85 cents.

Dessert Spoons and Dessert Forks.

½ dozen given for 3 new subscribers. In "Norwood" and "Windsor" patterns. Price $1.50.

Table Knives.

½ dozen given for 3 new subscribers. Dessert size substituted if desired. Price, $1.50.



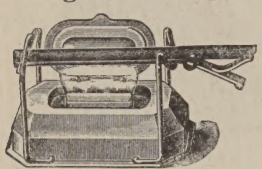
Pickle Fork.

Given for 1 new subscriber. Price 50 cents.

Carving Knife and Fork.

Given for 3 new subscribers and 15 cents additional. 8-inch Knife, stag or rubber handle. Best steel. Price, $2.00.

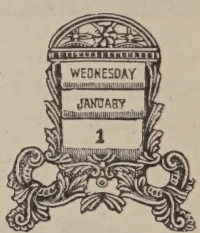
Curling-Iron Lamp, Comb and Calendar.



Any two given for 1 new subscriber.

All are silver plated. Use alcohol in the lamp; for heating has no equal, does not blacken the iron; absolutely safe and clean.

The Comb is 3½ inches long.



Size of Calendar 4½x2½ inches. Price, each, 30 cents.

Jewel Box No 981.

Given for 1 new subscriber.

Silver plated, with bevel glass top; satin lined.

Size 4x2 in.

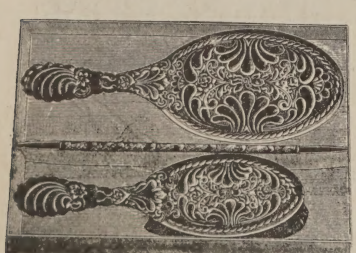
Price, 60 cents.

Brooch Pin No. 1407.

Given for 2 new subscribers.

Sterling silver, set with a brilliant in the centre. Price, $1.25.

Brush, Comb and Mirror No. 1148.



Given for 3 new subscribers and 15 cents additional; or 1 new subscriber and $1.00 additional.

All are silver plated, regular size. Price, $2.00.

Comb and Brush only (No. 1296), for 2 subscribers. Price, $1.25.

Ladies' Sterling Silver Shirt Waist Set.

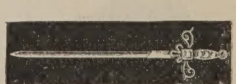
Given for 2 new subscribers and 25 cents additional.

Set consists of 1 pair Link Cuff Buttons, Collar Button, 3 Studs. Beautifully ornamented in fine blue Enamel. Price, $1.50.

Rolled Gold Plate Set, No. 4274, or Mother of Pearl Set, No. 4276; either given for 1 new subscriber and 10 cents additional. Price 80 cents.

Solid Gold Scarf Pin No. 1076.

Given for 3 new subscribers; or for 2 new subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, $2.00.



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